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## A Great Mistake.

A recent discovery is that headache, dizziness, dullness, confusion of the mind, etc., are due to derangement of the nervous centers which supply the brain with nerve force; that indigestion, dyspepsia, neuralgia, wind in stomach, etc., arise from the derangement of the nervous centers supplying these organs with nerve fluid or force. This is likewise true of many diseases of the heart and lungs. The nerve system is like a telegraph system, and will be seen by the accompanying cut. The little white lines are the nerves which convey the nerve force from the nerve centers to every part of the body, just as the electric current is conveyed along the telegraph wires to every station, large or small. Ordinary physicians fail to regard this fact, instead of treating the nerve centers for the cause of the disorders arising therefrom they treat the part affected.

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SHE WOULD RUN AWAY FIRST.

Conflicting feelings tore my heart  
With ever softening pace,  
Now happiest of earthly men,  
Now meanest of my race.

I loved her true with all my heart  
And sought to pay the debt  
To settle all my fevered doubts  
And have her name the day.

I asked her if she loved me,  
At least a score of times,  
She answered "No" to every one  
By word, note, prose and rhyme.

But yet the way she said it  
Left hope within my heart,  
And hope will hold a lover  
Nor permit him to depart.

I said one day, "I love you,  
Yes, I love you more and more!"  
She blushed and smiled, "Why, did you  
not tell me of that before?"  
—Ned Whately in Detroit Free Press.

## A BACKWOODS HERO.

Upon the northern shore of Lake Superior, smuggled in between sun tipped hills, is a small village known best for its lumbering and shipping industries. A long neck of narrow land forms a natural breakwater and thus guards and protects the small town from Neptune's wrath. The harbor is scarcely more than two miles wide and four long, but is celebrated for its uncontrollable currents, jagged hidden rocks and Aprilish moods.

On this neck of land are scattered a few houses, all inhabited by lovers of the sea and nature's work and surrounded by dense groves of swaying pines. One day a few years ago there came from one of these houses a dark eyed young woman whose skin was roughened from the fierce lake winds and whose hands showed only too plainly that hard, coarse work befall her lot. Her boots were heavy, like those of a man. Her gown was not only ill fitting, but badly behind the times as regards style and lacking by several inches its proper length, and on her head was drawn down closely over her ears a man's felt hat. Yet, notwithstanding these proofs of the uncouth woman, there was a certain indescribable something about her gypsylike face that betold the possession of a fine mind and a strong, unbending character. It was neither the soft brown eyes nor the smiling mouth, for her features were extremely plain, and the straight fringe of hair that tendriled out now and then from under the curved hat brim gave the round cheeks a ghastliness that reminded one shiveringly of witches and goblins and evil spirits. In her arms she carried a pair of oars, wrapped in a small sail. Around her feet frolicked several kittens, and a huge black and white dog bounded along beside her.

She walked slowly toward a small dock that floated unsteadily out into the bay. A flat bottomed boat, with a splinter-like mast and no bowsprit, bumped against the dock now and then with a soft rubbing and nudging that was as soothing as a mother's evening lullaby. "It looks pretty threatening, seems to me," the girl murmured to herself. "This here bay is always ready to cut up its monkey shins just when folks wants it to behave itself. If it wasn't for daddy coming home tonight, and mother sick, and nothing much to eat in the house, I believe I'd give up going across for the groceries." Then, noticing a parting of the thick bushes that bordered the pathway and catching a passing glimpse of a faded yellow hat, she called out, "Hello, Jim!"

The next moment she was joined by a stalwart young man, with the wholesome appearance of a combination farmer and sailor. "Going to sail over to the point, Meg?" he asked.

"Yes. You can go if you want to," she replied, with mischievous eyes and twitching lips. "I guess 'twon't be the first time that the little dory has carried two passengers."

"We'd better hurry, I reckon," rejoined Jim. "The old lake is a-raging, and the bay looks a bit 'till tempered now. We'll have a thundering old storm before next sunrise, and I shouldn't be surprised if it arrived before midnight."

Together they hoisted the sail, adjusted the rudder and unfurled the lines. Jim seated himself in the stern, Meg dropped down on the seat in the center of the boat so as to lower and raise the centerboard, as Captain Jim ordered, and off they sailed like a bird loosed from captivity. Both were good sailors, and the simple fact that a huge wave deluged them now and then added zest to the sport.

"I say, Meg," began Jim as they plunged through towers of foam and rocked and swayed in the billows, "don't you think you're mighty hard on a fellow? Three years is a long time, and time does change folks and things so. Anyhow I don't see what you're driving at. I've known you since you were knee high to a grasshopper, and I don't like the idea of losing you after all these years of work and waiting. Your dad and your mother are willing, you say you don't dislike me, and you know what I think of you. Come, now, tell me your reasons for this three years' waiting business."

"I suppose my reasons are silly," Meg answered slowly and with irritating deliberation. "But, you see, that year at Miss Banker's spoiled me. Even if I was nothing but a parlor maid, I got some ideas in my head that stick like so many bars. I don't always want to live this way. I've spent every cent I've had on the books, and Miss Banker has helped me lots. I want to be educated and know how to talk. I long to be able to be like the town girls, not so far as dress goes, but it's the schooling that I want. When I read about those clever women who paint and write and teach, it makes me think that my world is too small and cramped to ever grow any bigger unless I break away soon. I love the water, and the woods, and the damp earth itself, but I am wild to be up and doing and working at something that will not end today just as it did yesterday and will again tomorrow. I"

A violent breeze struck the small dory

just then, tipping it perilously and sending the girl's hair flying in a still wilder fashion. It was soon followed by another, and the third raised the small sail until it stood round and erect like a funnel shaped cone of white canvas.

A queer grating sound beneath a cracking of wood and iron and stone, and the rudder was wrenched from Jim's hand. Words were not necessary just then. Each realized that they two were being toyed with and tossed around like helpless straws. The sail was unmanageable, and the lost rudder left them entirely at the mercy of the wind and waves.

"Come here with me!" Jim cried hoarsely as he reached for the shivering bundle with the flying hair and frightened eyes. He drew Meg toward him, all the time keeping a firm hold on the line that prevented the sail from flapping more desperately.

Above the roar of the water he heard her nervous laugh, and once she said, "I think I'd be right scared if it wasn't for our getting caught in these squalls so often."

The boat was careening like a live creature maddened with pain. The water dashed over the little dory that was sudding toward the shore at an unprecedented speed. Crowds of curious watchers lined the beach where they would land. As they neared the shore Jim said tremblingly: "This is the worst fix we've been in yet. We'll be dashed to pieces on the logs unless they try to help us."

He folded his strong arms around the small girl, and he pressed her hands fondly and whispered words of hope and courage.

"Tell me just once that you do care for me just a little bit, and that you won't back out of marrying me at the end of three years," he said. "Our chances for getting out of this alive are few, and I know if you don't answer now you never will. Please, please, please, Meg!" His voice was pitched loudly and shrilly.

"I can't promise for sure, Jim. I can't even now. I'm so frightened. I know we're both going to die. The waves never scared me before." And the rest was lost as an enormous roll of water deluged them.

No other word was said. A moment later there was a wild crashing and creaking of timber.

The anxious watchers saw the boat tossed in among a nest of logs that lined the beach.

Like a crowd of stupid, senseless beings, they gazed and wrung their hands. Then they saw a tall form raise itself up in the stern of the boat. He had something in his arms that looked like a woman swathed in a piece of tarpaulin. The boat was only a few rods from the shore and was just ready to fall to pieces. Suddenly the tall figure leaped into the water, with his helpless burden in one arm, while with the other he fought his way among the billows and rolling logs. The watchers rushed to his assistance. They saw him whirled and buffeted around much as a mouse being teased by a frolicsome minded cat. He had nearly reached the shore when an enormous log flung itself against him. With a mighty effort he threw his burden toward the frantic assembly of people.

Then he sank and was seen no more until the next day, when his crushed and mangled body floated gently on the now restful waves, which finally deposited his remains at the foot of the little dock where the dory had always tugged and pulled at its anchor ropes.

And that is the reason why a woman considered clever and gifted by the world's critics is always sad and heart-sick when she hears the moaning of the winds or the roaring of beating, restless water. Fame and fortune have come to her.

She is no longer a crude, uncultured creature with flying black hair and rough fingers. The world bows down in reverence to her, for her stories are read by thousands and her pictures received most favorably by all. She laughs, and her friends declare her to be the jolliest person in Christendom. But when a storm comes up, and the skies darken, and the air is filled with dire foreboding, she sinks into a sad, lifeless being, whose eyes are heavy with unshed tears and whose throat is choked with sobs.

At these times her friends depart and murmur soft words of pitying tenderness among themselves.—Chicago News.

Napoleon and Home Production.

Napoleon forbade the use of cotton or of foreign wood for the furniture of the imperial palaces. He desired that the people who were invited to the drawing rooms at court should dress only in silk, so as to encourage the Lyons manufactures. He declared war on Indian cashmere, but his power was impotent against the tyranny of fashion and against routine. The emperor threatened the empress in vain that he would throw her cashmere shawls into the fire. The empress used to answer him that as soon as they could give her stuffs as light and warm as the cashmere woollens she would be very glad to wear them.

The emperor encouraged the manufacturers of French shawls and commissioned Isabeau to make the designs of a magnificent woolen stuff like cashmere on a white ground, with which a shawl and a dress were made. Marie Louise wore them with some reluctance. These stuffs had not the softness which they have since acquired. The empress used to complain with reason that her dress "griped" whenever she went near the fire.—Memoirs of Baron de Meneval.

An Interesting Experiment.

Dr. Blois requested 50 gentlemen and 50 ladies to write down 100 words each of their own selection. Out of the total number of 10,000 only 3,036 distinct words were found to have been chosen. Thus, for instance, all the ladies and gentlemen had put down the word "money," all the gentlemen the word "woman," all the ladies the words "dressmaker" and "glove," and all the ladies and 24 gentlemen the word "beautiful."—Verelins-Blatt.

## FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

New York Stock Market.

New York, Sept. 4.—Opening dealings at the stock exchange were characterized by firmness, and even Sugar, which has been under the hammer for some time back, developed a little more strength. This was succeeded by a weaker tone, London having sold some Louisville and Nashville, which was accepted by local bears, who were bearishly inclined, as indicating a change in sentiment on the part of foreign operators. That the foreigners should think of accepting profits in this stock after its recent ten point rise, did not appeal to the bearish fraternity. In fact they forced the issue and extended their lines, especially in the Grangers, which, they argued, would have to go lower on account of the leaders' forest fires in Northwest following the partial failure of the corn crop and the poor showing of earnings made by the Rock Island for August.

Except in the stock named which sold down from 65 1/4 to 64 1/4 they met with poor success. St. Paul refused to yield, and in fact held strong, the increase in earnings for the month of August operating against the seller. Sugar after its early fractional gain dropped 1 1/4 to 103 1/4 and Chicago Gas was also heavy selling down to 73 1/4 on the story of a big gas war. In the meantime Western Union had become strong and had gained nearly two points, selling up to 91 1/4. This rather disconcerted those operating for lower prices and about 2 o'clock there was a scramble to cover. Previous to the time mentioned there were indications in General Electric, Canada Southern and Rock Island that somebody was feeling for stock. Bids for the issues named were made at fractional advances above the last previous sales without bringing out any stock, with the result of finally making the shorts pay the holder's prices.

In consequence Sugar rose 2 1/4 to 150 1/4; Western Union, 2; St. Paul, 1 1/4; Rock Island, 1 1/4; and Burlington and Quincy, 1 1/4; Canadian Southern, 1 1/4; Big Four, 1; Louisville and Nashville, 1; Northern Pacific preferred, 1/2; Missouri Pacific, 1/2; Northwest, 1/2; Omaha, 1/2; General Electric, 1/2; Cordage, 1/2; do. preferred, 1; Lead, 1/2; do. preferred, 1 1/4; Cotton oil preferred, 1/2; and Manhattan, 2 1/4; Pan Handle common, 1/4, and preferred, 2 1/4. The last named figured more prominently in the dealings and were unusually active. The rise in the market was generally ascribed to manipulation by a pool which has been credited with bringing about the recent wide changes in American Sugar. They now, so the street story goes, have turned their attention to the general list. This as it may it should not be forgotten that the settlement of the tariff question, at least for the time being, has stimulated trade.

General business is better and railroad earnings made a pretty good argument in Wall street, where sentiment is the controlling factor. Net changes show gains of 1/4 to 2 per cent., Western Union and Manhattan leading. The market closed strong. The bond market was active and strong. Sales of listed stocks aggregated 127,000 shares; unlisted, 51,000. Treasury balances: Coin, \$75,463,000; currency, \$85,386,000. Money on call easy at 1 per cent., last loan at one and closing offered at 1 1/2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 4 1/4 per cent. Bar silver, 65 1/4. Sterling exchange weak, with actual business in bankers' bills at 48 1/4 to 48 3/4 for sixty days and 48 1/2 to 48 3/4 for demand; posted rates, 48 1/2 to 48 3/4. Commercial bills, 48 1/2 to 48 3/4. Government bonds steady. State bonds dull. Railroad bonds strong. Silver at the board was 60 bid and 67 asked. Norfolk and Western closed at 26.

Produce and Merchandise.

New York, Sept. 4.—Flour weak. winter wheat, low grades, 185 to 250; fair to fancy, 240 to 290; patents, 275 to 320; Minnesota to clear, 235 to 265; patents, 340 to 390; low grades, 185 to 250; Southern flour, dull, weak, common to fair extra, 210 to 300; good to choice do, 300 to 550; wheat fairly active, red, firm, spring lower; No. 2, red, store and elevator, 55 to 58 1/2; soft, 58 1/2; options declined, 1/2 to 3/4, rallied 1/2 to 3/4; closing firm at 1/2 to 3/4 over Saturday, with trading dull; September, 58 1/2; October, 59; December, 60 1/2; May, 66 1/2.

Corn dull, firm; No. 2, 63 to 63 1/2; elevator, 64 1/2; soft, 64 1/2; options dull; September 1 1/2 down, others unchanged to 1/2 cent up, closing up; September, 62 1/2; October, 63; December, 64 1/2; May 57 1/2. Oats fairly active, firm; options dull; September, 33 1/2; December, 36 1/2; May, 39 1/2; No. 2 white, 36 1/2; spot No. 2, 33 1/2; No. 2 white, 36 1/2 to 36 3/4; mixed western, 34 to 35; white do, 36 to 40. Hay, quiet, weak; shipping, 50; good to choice, 65 to 80. Wool, steady, fair demand; domestic fleeces, 18 to 24; pulled, 15 to 34. Beef, dull at steady; family, 10 to 12; extra mess, 800 to 850; beef hams, quiet, 22; tiered beef, dull, firm; city extra, India mess, 17. Cut meats, quiet, steady; pickled bellies, 8 1/2; shoulders, 7; hams, 11 1/2 to 12; middles, nominal.

Lard quiet, higher; Western steam, 9.00 bid; city, 8 1/2 to 9; September, 9.00; nominal; refined quiet, firm; continent, 9.35. South America, 9.50; compound, 6 1/2 to 6 3/4. Pork firm, quiet; mess, 15.25 to 15.50; city extra, 13.50 to 14.00. Butter moderate demand, steady; State dairy, 14 to 22 1/2; creamery, 18 to 23 1/2; Western dairy, 13 1/2 to 17; creamery, 15 to 24; Elgin, 24. Cotton-seed oil quiet, firm; crude, 29 to 30; yellow, 30. Petroleum quiet. Rosin dull, steady; strained, common to good 1.15 to 1.20. Turpentine quiet, steady, 28 1/2 to 29. Rice, good demand, firm; domestic, fair to extra, 4 1/2 to 5 1/2; Japan, 4 1/2 to 4 3/4.

Molasses, foreign nominal; New Orleans, open kettle, good to choice, 27 to 36, dull, steady. Peanuts quiet. Coffee options opened barely steady, closed steady, 10 to 12 points down; September, 13.90 to 13.95; December, 12.55 to 12.60; March, 12.25; May, 12.10 to 12.15; spot Rio dull, nominal; No. 7, 16. Sugar, raw quiet, firm; fair refining, 3 1/2; refined dull, steady; off A, 4 1/2 to 4 3/4; standard A, 13 to 16 1/2; cut loaf, 5 1/2 to 9 1/2; crushed, 5 1/2 to 5 1/2; granulated, 4 1/2 to 6 1/2. Freights to Liverpool quiet, depressed; cotton, 3.32 pence; grain, 1 pence, nominal.

A. M. BAILEY, a well known citizen of Eugene, Ore., says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. Twenty-five and 50 cent bottles for sale by Charles Lyle Drug Company.

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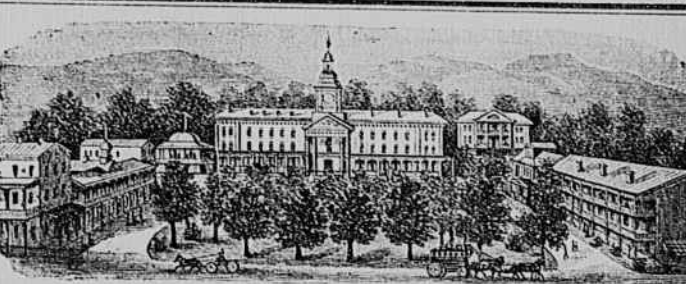
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